42

THE CHARMS OF LIBERTY: A POEM.

By the late Duke of D——

To which is added,

EPIGRAMS. POEMS and SATYRS.

Written by ſeveral Hands.

LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR, MDCCIX.

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OF

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A

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE

Charms of Liberty:

A

POEM,

In Alluſion to the Archbiſhop of *Cambray's Telemachus.*

By the late Duke of D——.

Cambray! whilſt of Seraphick Love you write,
The nobleſt Image in the cleareſt Light:
A Love by no ſelf Intereſt debas'd,
But on th' Almighty's high Perfection plac'd.
A Love in which true Piety conſiſts,
That ſoars to Heaven without the help of Prieſts.
Let partial *Rome* the great Attempt oppoſe,
Support the Cheat from which the Income flows;
Her Cenſures may condemn, but not confute,
Since beſt your elevated Notions ſuit.
With what to Reaſon ſeems the Almighty's due,
They have, at leaſt, an Air of being true.
And what can animated Clay produce,
Beyond a Gueſs, in Matters ſo abſtruſe?

But when, descending from the Imperial height;
You stoop of Sublunary Things to treat,
Minerva seems the Moral to dispence;
How great the Subject, how sublime the Sense.
Not the *Alconian Bard* with such a Flame
E'er sung of ruling Arts; your lofty Theam
In your *Telemachus* his Hero's Son
We see the great Original out-done.
There is in Vertue, sure, a hidden Charm,
To force Esteem, and Envy to disarm;
Else in a *flatt'ring Court* you ne'er had been design'd
T' instruct the future Troublers of Mankind.
Happy your Native Soil, at least by Nature so,
In none her Treasures more profusely flow:
The *Hills* adorn'd with *Vines*, with *Flow'rs* the *Plain*
Without the Sun's too near approach, serene:
But Heaven in vain does on the Vineyards smile,
The Monarch's Glory mocks the Labourer's Toil.
What tho' elaborate Brass with Nature strive,
And proud *Equestrian* Figures seem alive,
With various Terrors on their Basis wrought,
With yielding Citadels, surpriz'd or bought;
And here there Ruins of a taken Town,
There a Bombarded Steeple tumbling down:
Such Prodigies of Art and costly Pains
Serve but to gild th' unthinking Rabbles Chains.
Oh! abject State of such as tamely groan
Under a blind Dependency on One!
How far inferior to the Herds that range,
With native Freedom o'er the Woods and Plains?
With them no Fallacy of Schools prevail,
Nor of a Right Divine the nauseous Tale
Can give to one amongst themselves a Power,
Without controul, his Fellows to devour.
To Reasoning Human Kind alone belong
The Arts to hurt themselves by reasoning wrong.

Howe'er the fooliſh Notion firſt began,
Of truſting *Abſolute* to lawleſs Man:
Howe'er a Tyrant may by Force ſubſiſt;
For who would be a Slave that can reſiſt?
Thoſe ſet the Caſuiſt ſafeſt on the Throne,
Who make the People's Int'reſt their own;
And chuſing rather to be lov'd than fear'd,
Are Kings of Men not of a ſervile Herd.
Oh Liberty! too late deſir'd, when loſt,
Like Health, when wanted, thou art valued moſt.
In Regions where no Property is known,
Thro' which the *Garone* runs and rapid *Rhone*,
Where Peaſants toil for Harveſt not their own,
How gladly would they quit their Native Soil,
And change for Liberty their Wine and Oil.
As Wretches chain'd and labouring at the Oar.
In ſight of *Italy*'s delightful Shoar,
Reflect on their unhappy Fate the more.
Thy Laws have ſtill their Force above the reſt
Of *Gothick* Kingdom, happy *Albion*'s bleſt.
Long ſince their ancient Freedom they have loſt,
And ſervilely of their Subjection boaſt.
Thy better Fate the vain Attempts reſiſts
Of faithleſs Monarchs, and deſigning Prieſts,
Unſhaken yet the Government ſubſiſts.
While Streams of Blood the Continent o'erflow,
Red'ning the *Maeſe*, the *Danube*, and the *Po*,
Thy *Thames*, auſpicious Iſle, her Thunder ſends
To cruſh thy Foes, and to relieve her Friends.
Thy Muſe, ſince no ſurprize, or foreign ſtroak,
Can hurt her, guarded by her Walls of Oak;
Since wholſome Laws her Liberty transfer
To future Ages, what can *Albion* fear?
Can ſhe the dear-bought Treaſures throw away?
Have Univerſities ſo great a ſway?

The Muſe is ſilent, cautious to reflect
On Manſions where the Muſes keep their Seat.
Barren of Thought, and niggardly of Rhime,
My creeping Numbers are forbid to climb;
Vent'ring too far, my weary Genius fails,
And o'er my drooping Senſes Sleep prevails.
An antick Pile near *Thames*'s ſilver Stream,
Was the firſt Object of my airy Dream;
In ancient times a Conſecrated Fane,
But ſince apply'd to Uſes more Prophane:
Fill'd with a popular debating Throng,
Oft in the Right, and oft'ner in the Wrong:
Of Good and Bad, the variable Teſt,
Where the Religion that is voted beſt
Is ſtill inclin'd to perſecute the reſt.
On the high Fabrick ſtood a Monſter fell,
Of hideous Form, Second to none in Hell:
The Fury, to be more abhor'd and fear'd,
Her Teeth and Jaws with clods of Goar beſmear'd,
Her parti-colour'd Robe obſcenely ſtain'd
With pious Murthers, Freemen wrack'd and chain'd,
With the implacable and brutiſh Rage
Of fierce Dragoons, ſparing no Sex nor Age.
With all the horrid Inſtruments of Death,
Of torturing Innocents to improve their Faith,
Clouding the Roof with their infectious Breath.
Thus ſhe began, Are then my Labours vain,
That to the Powers of *France* have added *Spain*?
Vain my Attempts to make that Empire great,
And ſhall a Woman by Deſigns defeat,
Baffle th' Infernal Projects I've begun,
And break the Meaſures of my favourite Son?
Tho' far unlike the Heroes of her Race,
That made their Humours of their Laws take place,
And ſlighting Coronation Oath's, diſdain'd
Their high Prerogative ſhould be reſtrain'd.

Tho' her own Isle is blest with Liberty,
Has she a Right to set all *Europe* free?
Under this Roof, with Management, I may
The Progress of her Arms at least delay,
From a contagious Vapour I shall blow;
Within those Walls Breaches may wider grow.
Here let imaginary Fears be shown
Of Danger to the Church, when there is none.
From trivial Bills let warm Debates arise,
Foment Sedition, and retard Supplies.
Once my treacherous Arts, and watchful Care,
Break the Confed'racy, and end the War,
Ador'd, in Hell I may in Triumph sit,
And *Europe* to one Potentate submit.
Waking at so detestable a Sound,
Which would all Order and all Peace confound,
Cry'd, Infernal Hag! be ever dumb;
Thee, with her Arms, let *Anna* overcome;
Who here reigns Queen, by Heavens on us bestow'd,
To right the Injur'd, and subdue the Proud.
As *Rome* of old gave Liberty to *Greece*,
Anna th' invaded sinking Empire frees.
The Allies her Faith, her Power the *French* proclaim,
Her Piety th' Oppress, the World her Fame.
At *Anna*'s Name, dejected, pale, and scar'd,
The execrable Fantom disappear'd.

An Epigram of Flaminius, *to his Drinking Mistress.*

Chloe, you write to me for Coin,
And in return I send you Wine,
Like Wealth, its Power is equally Divine.
Then stick to that, 'twill make you merry,
Or mine, or others absence chear ye;

That ſoftens every Nymph that's cruel,
For mellow *Venus* is a Jewel.
So *Ariadne*, when her Wanderer,
Falſe *Theſeus*, left her, waſh'd off Grief and Care,
Enjoy'd God *Bacchus*, and became a Star.

EPIGRAM.

IMpubis nupſi valido, nunc firmior annis
Ex ſucco and tremulo ſum ſociata viro.
Ille fatigavit teneram, his ætate valentem
Intactam tota nocte jacere Sinet.
Dum nollem licuit, nunc dum volo non licet uti,
O Hymen aut annos, aut mihi redde vitum.

Tranſlated thus By Mr. Tho. Brown.

COming a tender Girl from School,
Marrying, I met a Thundring Fool;
But fit for Love's Embraces grown,
I've got a thing that's next to none.
The firſt with Youth's too vigorous warmth
[ſpi
With Love's untaſted Joys my Weakneſs tir'd:
My ſecond grunting Spark, cold to Love's Charms,
He fills my Bed, 'tis true, but not my Arms.
When I'd no Appetite Love cloy'd me,
Now I've a mind to't 'tis deny'd me.
O Hymen, Hymen! for my Quiet,
Contract my Stomach, or enlarge my Diet.

On the Power of Gold. *By Mr.* Burnaby.
Beginning, Quiſquis habet nummos, *&c.*

WHoe'er has Money may ſecurely Sail;
On all things with all mighty Gold prevail,
M

May *Danae* Wed, or rival Amorous *Jove*.
And make her Father Pandar to his Love.
May be a Poet, Preacher, Lawyer too:
And bawling, win the Cauſe he does not know:
And up to *Cato*'s Fame for Wiſdom grow.
Wealth without Law will gain at Bar renown,
Howe'er the Caſe appears, the Cauſe is won,
Every rich Lawyer is a *Littleton*.
In ſhort, of all you wiſh you are poſſeſt,
All things prevent the wealthy Man's Requeſt,
For *Jove* himſelf's the Treaſure of his Cheſt.

On a WIFE

By the Author of the London Spy; *beginning* Uxor, legitimus debet quaſi Cenſus amari, *&c.*

A Wife, who as our own by Law we hold,
We ought to value, as we do our Gold;
But even that, which few delight to pay,
On ſome Accounts, we ought to throw away.
Wiving, like Coining, for our Eaſe began;
Both were intended for the Good of Man:
The Coin the Image of the Prince ſhou'd wear,
The Woman ſhould her Husband's Image bear,
Both from the pow'r of others ſhould be freed,
And both ſhould ſerve us at a time of need;
But if by keeping either Wife or Coin,
We find that neither anſwers our Deſign,
Both ſhou'd be parted with whene're we pleaſe,
And not be kept to interrupt our Eaſe;

For

For when the End propos'd is once destroy'd,
The Vows that make us wretched must be void.
True, we should prize our Money and our [Wives,
So long as they add Comfort to our Lives;
But if the Metal, or the Dame proves base,
And bears the Stamp of an adult'rous Face,
As worthless Dross and Counterfeits they ought,
To be despis'd, whene'er we find 'em naught;
And as each Plant their Fruits when rotten shed,
So both should be divorc'd from Bag and Bed;
For Coin that's bad's a scandal to the Purse,
And a false Woman is a matchless Curse.

Concerning our Choice in Marriage.

By the same; beginning, Morbus & Vultu Mulier quæratur habenda, *&c.*

HE that for Money weds *prepostrous* Shapes,
Is brib'd to get a brood of *monstrous* Apes;
Such as may fright their Nurses, shame the Earth,
And be hereafter bound to curse their Birth;
For Female Pigmies must infect their breed,
And stint the growth of Man's prolifick Seed.
The wary Farmer scorns to spend his Toil
Upon a hungry and unfruitful Soil.
The prudent Potter breaks and throws away
The faulty Mould, that would deform his Clay,
What upright Mortal would not then disdain
The Womb, that should degrade the *Shape of Man*,
And,

And, by its ſtrange diſtorted Cells, debaſe
The heavenly Image of the God-like Race?
Which adds moſt comfort to the *Husband's Life*?
Full Bags with a prepoſterous homely Wife,
Whoſe plenteous Fortune he may ſoon exhauſt
On ſome kind Harlot, who has Charms to boaſt;
Or ſhe, whoſe lovely Form is ſo divine,
That 'tis enough to bleſs thee that ſhe's thine?
What tho' her Fortune's ſmall? her *Beauty's* great,
And will delight thee more than an Eſtate;
She'll make thee happy in a ſprightly brood
Of infant Angels cloath'd in Fleſh and Blood;
Such whoſe ſweet Charms will pleaſe you more [than Gold,
And cauſe you to be reverenc'd when old:
But the crook'd armful of diſtorted Bones,
Will turn your *Nuptial Joys* to *Sighs and Groans*,
And curſe you with a Race of Monkey Sons.

That the Dog of Hell was a Lawyer.

By the ſame; beginning, Cerberus, forenſis erat Cauſidicus, *&c.*

SURE *Cerberus* a Lawyer firſt muſt be,
Whoſe *clam'rous Mouth* wou'd open for a *Fee*;
But, ſince whene'er he wrangl'd, ſtill he had
Three ſpecious Reaſons for the Noiſe he made,
To pleaſe his Client, to inform the Court,
And to gain Riches for his own ſupport;
Therefore he's doom'd in Hell *three Heads* to bear,
And in his Mouth *three howling Tongues* to wear;

That

That the loud Eloquence he once could boaſt
To his own Int'reſt, but his Client's Coſt,
Might now be turn'd to dreadful Howls and Yelps,
The ſnarling Language of illeterate Whelps:
And tho' on Earth, no other Bribe but Gold
Would make the Pleader for his Client Scold,
Yet now in Hell a greaſie Sop muſt be,
Inſtead of Coin, the growling Puppy's Fee.

On a happy Life's conſiſting in Virtue.

A Fragment; beginning, Non eſt falieris &c.
By Mr. Tho. Brown.

YOU're mightily deceiv'd, I ſwear,
And mightily, my Friend, you err;
Wretched's the ſtate in which you gueſs
Conſiſts our Life's chief Happineſs.
'Tis not your Fingers to behold,
Loaded with Rubies ſet in Gold;
Nor, like a Royal Miſs, to wear
A Nations value in your Ear;
Nor all the Trifles to receive,
That the *Exchange* or *Mint* can give;
With all the ſhining Toys and Coſt,
The *Strand* or *Lombard-ſtreet* can boaſt.
Nor is't, like Popes, our ſelves to pleaſe,
With holy Luxury and Eaſe:
Nor yet on Purple Beds to ſleep,
Whilſt Centinels your Palace keep.

Nor

Nor yet in mighty Pomp to feaſt,
Or ſmell the Odours of the *Eaſt*.
Nor is't to have our glittering Board,
Uncommon Rarities afford:
Tall Pyramids of Fowl and Fiſh,
For which even Epicures might wiſh;
And whatſoe'er the coſtlieſt Feaſt
Can boaſt of when by *Locket* dreſt.
Nor to poſſeſs the Spicy ſtore,
Which our *Eaſt-India* Fleet brings o'er:
But 'tis to have a Conſcience,
Guarded with ſpotleſs Innocence;
And with a Courage to advance,
'Gainſt all the Shocks of Time and Chance;
And not as *Monmouth* did, to go
Amongſt the ſcoundril Mob and Bow,
On both ſides popular low.
Nor yet to be with Fears poſſeſt,
Tho' naked Swords inſult your Breaſt.
The happy Man that thus can be,
From all theſe anxious Sorrows free,
May giddy Fortune make his Sport,
And ſmile at both the Camp and Court.
A Mind ſo ſteddy, unconcern'd and brave,
May force th' Imperious Jilt to be his Slave.

A FRAGMENT.

Upon the Levity of Woman. Beginning, Crede Ratem Ventis, *&c.*

COmmit your Ship to Sea and Wind;
But not your Thoughts to Womankind.

The

The veering Wind, and faithleſs Sea,
Have much more Faith, than any She.
All Maids are treacherous in their Love,
And if, by Chance, One conſtant prove,
I know not how ſhe e'er ſhould be
Made conſtant by Inconſtancy.

Tryphæna's *Speech for Peace, on board the Sh*
of Lycas; *beginning*, Quis furor exclama
Pacem convertit, *&c.*

WHat Fury did theſe ſudden Broils engi
How have theſe guiltleſs Hands d
[ſerv'd the Rag
No *Paris* a ſtoln Dame to *Troy* conveys,
No Witch *Medea* here her Brother ſlays:
But ſlighted Love muſt needs reſenting be:
And 'midſt the Waves who is the raging he
Now robb'd of Arms, that can attempt my Fate
By whom is ſimple Death ſo little thought?
Let not your murderous Rage out-ſtorm the Seas
And Dangers of the angry Waves encreaſe.

On the Miſery of Mankind; beginning, He
Heu, nos Miſeros, *&c.*

UNhappy Mortals, on how fine a Thread
Our Lives depend! how like this Pu
[pet M
Shall we, alas, be all when we are dead!
Therefore let's live merrily while we can.

In defence of Satyr; *beginning*, Quid me conſtricta ſpectatis fronte, *&c.*

WHy do the ſtrict-liv'd *Cato*'s of the Age
At my familiar Lines ſo gravely rage?
In meaſures looſely plain, blunt Satyr flows,
Which all the People ſo ſincerely ſhows.
For who's a Stranger to the Joys of Love?
Who can't the thoughts of ſuch ſoft Pleaſures move?
Such *Epicurus* own'd the chiefeſt Bliſs,
And ſuch Lives the Gods themſelves poſſeſs.

An Epigram on Tantalus; *beginning*, Nec bibit inter aquas, *&c.*

UNhappy *Tantalus*, amidſt the Flood,
Where floating Apples on the ſurface ſtood,
Ever purſu'd them with a longing Eye,
Yet could not Thirſt nor Hunger ſatisfy.
Such is the Miſer's Fate, who curſt with Wealth,
In midſt of endleſs Treaſures ſtarves himſelf.

The ORACLE.

A Fragment, Paraphraſed and adapted to the Modern Times; *beginning*, Linque tuas ſedes Juvenis, *&c.*

HAſte *generous Youth, a foreign World* explore
And quit this cruel, this ungrateful Shore;

The

The rapid *Rhine*, and *Iſter's* foaming Wave,
Expect a Chief ſo reſolute and Brave:
Upon their Banks you ſhall the War decide,
And routed Troops ſhall ſwell the Purple Tide.
In vain the *French* uncertain Saints invoke,
Dunkirk once more ſhall feel the *Britiſh* Yoke.
Ipres our Troops, our Arms ſhall *Liſle* ſubdue,
And Storm *Namur*, when reinforc'd by you.
But prudently of future Wrongs afraid,
If you deny, ungrateful Squadrons aid,
Charge with the *Pruſſian* Foot, or *Daniſh* Horſe,
And Lines defended by the Houſhold Force.
Or if your thoughts on bolder hazards run,
Fir'd by the Rays of a *Weſt-Indian* Sun,
O'er unknown ways your daring Fleet ſhall go,
Far to the South of burning *Mexico*;
No more in Gems their Pagan Gods ſhall ſhine,
But all the Treaſures of the Weſt be thine.
Ulyſſes buried in his barren Iſle
Illuſtrious *Greece*, by Baniſhment and Toil,
His adverſe Fate did but his worth approve,
And ſighing Goddeſſes purſu'd his Love.

5 JA 59

FINIS.